

race, but to me she's pure white. She's mine by right of mother love if not by right of blood or race."

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**SHE'S A WAR WIDOW AND TWICE  
A WAR BRIDE**



**MILDRED COLLITON**

New York.—Romance, tragedy and then more romance have filled the life recently of Miss Mildred Colliton, war bride, war widow and now war bride again.

Miss Colliton, heiress of Willimantic, Conn., married by proxy Lieut. Leslie Montagu Cowan of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, after he was assigned to duty in India and was made a widow when later Cowan fell in

the French trenches. Now Miss Colliton is going to take another soldier-husband. He is in command of the alien detention camp in Jamaica, and he is no other than the man who did the honors in the proxy marriage for his friend, Lieut. Cowan. Miss Colliton has sailed for Jamaica.

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**FASHION FLASHLIGHTS**

Nurses at "the front" find it convenient to tuck up their skirts when they scramble in and out of the trenches to minister to wounded warriors and to that rather gruesome source may be traced the origin of the "trench skirt," which has whisked into fashion lately. The "hike" up in front is gained by a drapery made over a straight skirt and gives the impression that the wearer has some quickstepping to do.

The one-piece dress is quite overshadowing the skirt-and-coat tailored suit this fall. The princess lines give the effect of youthfulness and slenderness—need there be a better excuse for the popularity of the princess?

The Lady of Fashion will take to veritable "wings" this season. Wing draperies, sometimes called "sail" draperies, appear in the newest skirt models. The "wings" or "sails" are not wired and they fall gracefully in place at the hips until a slight breeze wafts them into motion, when you get the impression that somebody's going a-sailing or a-flying.

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**A CASE OF FREEZE OUT**

Six Eskimo and the explorer had been playing poker all night—six months. The explorer yawned.

"The game's not worth the candle," he exclaimed and, feeling the need of a snack, as they say in that dear Lunnon, he ate the aforementioned candle, causing gloom among the players. In fact, they were completely in the dark as to his motives.

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The tighter the shoe the bigger feels the foot.